

Despair

Philosophical poems



Sorin Cerin

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2018

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- DESPAIR -
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SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

Critical appreciations about the poetry of meditation

PhD Professor Al Cistelecan within the heading Avant la lettre, under the title Between reflection and attitude, appeared in the magazine Familia nr.11-12 November-December 2015, pag.16-18, Al Cistelecan considers about the poetry of meditation, of Sorin Cerin, that:

"From what I see, Sorin Cerin is a kind of volcano textually, in continuously, and maximum eruption, with a writing equally frantic, as and, of convictions. In poetry, relies on gusts reflexive and on the sapiential enthusiasm, cultivating, how says alone in the subtitle of the Non-sense of the Existence, from here the poems "of meditation".

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

One approach among all risky - not of today, yesterday, but from always - because he tend to mix where not even is, the work of poetry, making a kind of philosophizing versified, and willy-nilly, all kinds of punishments and morality.

Not anymore is case to remind ourselves of the words said by Maiorescu, to Panait Cerna, about "philosophical poetry," because the poet, them knows, and, he very well, and precisely that wants to face: the risk of to work only in idea, and, of to subordinate the imaginative, to the conceptual.

Truth be told, it's not for Sorin Cerin, no danger in this sense, for he is in fact a passional, and never reach the serenity and tranquility Apolline of the thought, on the contrary, recites with pathos rather from within a trauma which he tries to a exorcise, and to sublimates, into radical than from inside any peace of thought or a reflexive harmonies.

Even what sounds like an idea nude, transcribed often aphoristic, is actually a burst of attitude, a transcript of emotion - not with coldness, but rather with heat (was also remarked, moreover, manner more prophetic of the enunciations).

But, how the method, of, the taking off, lyrical, consists in a kind of elevation of everything that comes, up to the dignity of articulating their reflexive (from where the listing, any references to immediately, whether

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

biographical or more than that), the poems by Cerin, undertake steep in the equations big existential and definitive, and they not lose time in, domestic confessions.

They attack the Principle of reality, not its accidents. Thus, everything is raised to a dignity problematic, if no and of other nature, and prepared for a processing, densified.

Risks of the formula, arise fatal, and here, because is seen immediately the mechanism of to promote the reality to dignity of the lyrism.

One of the mechanisms comes from expressionist heritage (without that Sorin Cerin to have something else in common with the expressionists), of the capitalized letter, through which establishes suddenly and unpredictably, or humility radicalized , or panic in front of majesty of the word.

Usually the uppercase, baptizes the stratum "conceptual" (even if some concepts are metaphors), signaling the problematic alert.

It is true, Sorin Cerin makes excess and wastage, of the uppercase, such that, from a while, they do not more create, any panic, no godliness, because abundance them calms effects of this kind, and spoil them into a sort of grandiloquence.

The other mechanism of the elevation in dignity rely on a certain - perhaps assumed, perhaps premeditated -

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

pretentious discourse, on a thickening lexical, and on a deep and serious declamation.

It is insinuated - of lest, even establishes - and here is an obvious procedure of imaginative recipe, redundant over tolerant.

How is and normal - even inevitable - in a lyrical of reflection what wants to coagulate around certain cores conceptual, the modality immediate of awareness of these nodes conceptual, consists in materializing the abstractions, making them sensual is just their way of to do epiphany lyrical.

But at, Sorin Cerin, imaginative mechanics is based on a simple use of the genitive, which materialize the abstractions, (from where endless pictures like "the thorns of the Truth," "chimney sweeps of the Fulfillments," " the brushes of Deceptions" etc. etc.), under, which most often is a button of personification.

On the scale of decantation in metaphors we stand, thus, only on the first steps, what produces simultaneously, an effect of candor imaginative (or discursive), but and one of uniformity.

Probable but that this confidence in the primary processes is due to the stake on decanting of the thought, stake which let, in subsidiary, the imaginative action (and on the one symbolized more so) as such.

But not how many or what ideas roam, through Sorin Cerin's poems are, however the most relevant, thing

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

(the idea, generally, but and in this particular case, has a degree of indifference, to lyricism).

On the contrary, in way somewhat paradoxically, decisive, not only defining, it's the attitude in which they gather, the affect in which coagulates.

Beneath the appearance of a speech projected on "thought", Sorin Cerin promotes, in fact, an lyricism (about put to dry) of, emotions existential (not of intimate emotions).

The reflexivity of the poems is not, from this perspective, than a kind of penitential attitude, an expression of hierarchies, of violent emotions.

Passionate layer is, in reality, the one that shake, and he sees himself in almost all its components, from the ones of blaming, to the ones of piety, or tenderness sublimated (or, on the contrary, becoming sentimentalist again).

The poet is, in substance, an exasperated of state of the world and the human condition and starting from here, makes exercises with sarcasm (cruel, at least, as, gush), on account of "consumer society" or on that of the vanity of "Illusions of the Existence".

It's a fever of a figures of style that contains a curse, which gives impetus to the lyrics, but which especially highlights discursive, the exasperation in front of this general degradation.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

So general, that she comprised and transcendental, for Sorin Cerin is more than irritated by the instrumentalization of the God (and, of the faith) in the world today.

Irritation in front of corruption the sacred, reaches climax, in lyrics of maximum, nerve blasphemous ("Wickedness of Devil is called Evil, / while of the God, Good. ", but and others, no less provocative and" infamous " at the address the Godhead); but this does not happen, than because of the intensity and purity of his own faith (Stefan Borbely highlighted the energy of fervor from the poetry of Cerin), from a kind of devotional absolutism.

For that not the lyrics, of challenge and blame, do, actually Cerin, on the contrary: lyrics of devotion desperate and passionate, through which him seeks "on Our True God / so different from the one of cathedrals of knee scratched / at the cold walls and inert of the greed of the Illusion of Life ".

It is the devotional fever from on, the reverse, of imprecations and sarcasm, but precisely she is the one that contaminates all the poems.

From a layer of ideals, squashed, comes out, with verve passionate, the attitudes, of Cerin, attitudes eruptive, no matter how, they would be encoded in a lyrical of reflections. "

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

**PhD Professor Elvira Sorohan - An existentialist
poet of the 21st Century**

To fully understand the literary chronicle written by Elvira Sorohan in *Convorbiri Literare*, "Literary Conversations", which refers to an article written by Magda Cârneci regarding Trans-poetry, and published in *România literară*, "Romania literary", where specified what namely is poetry genuine, brilliant, the great poetry, on which a envies the poets of the last century, Elvira Sorohan, specifies in the chronicle dedicated to the poetry of Cerin, from, *Convorbiri Literare*, "Literary Conversations", number 9 (237), pages 25-28, 2015 under the title An existentialist poet of the 21st century, that:

Without understanding what is "trans-poetry", which probably is not more poetry, invoking a term coined by Magda Cârneci, I more read, however, poetry today and now I'm trying to say something about one certain.

Dissatisfied of "insufficiency of contemporary poetry" in the same article from in *România literară*, "Literary Romania", reasonably poetess accuses in block, how, that what "delivers" now the creators of poetry, are not than notations of "little feeling", "small despairs" and "small thinking. "

Paraphrasing it on Maiorescu, harsh critical of the diminutives cultivated by Alecsandri, you can not say than that poetry resulting from such notation is also low (to the cube, if enumeration stops at three).

The cause identified by Magda Cârneci, would be the lack of inspiration, that tension psychical, specific the men of art, an experience spontaneous, what gives birth, uncontrollably, at creation.

It is moment inspiring, in the case of poetry, charged of impulses affective, impossible to defeated

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

rationally, an impulse on that it you have or do not it have, and, of, which is responsible the vocation.

Simple, this is the problem, you have vocation, you have inspiration.

I have not really an opinion formed about poetry of Magda Cârneci, and I can not know, how often inspiration visits her, but if this state is a grace, longer the case to look for recipes for to a induces ?

And yet, in the name of the guild, preoccupation the poetess, for the desired state, focuses interrogative: "... the capital question that arises is the following: how do we to have access more often, more controlled and not just by accident, to those states intense, at the despised <inspiration>, at those levels, others of ours, for which the poetry has always been a witness (sic!) privileged ".

We do not know whom belongs the contempt, but we know that the inspiration is of the poet born, not made.

The latter not being than a craftsman and an artist.

I have in front three volumes of lyrics of the poet, less known and not devoid of inspiration, Sorin Cerin, ordered in a logical decrescendo, understandable, Non - sense of the Existence, the Great silences, Death, all appeared in 2015, at the Publishing Paco, from Bucharest.

After the titular ideas, immediately is striking, and poetic vocabulary of the first poem, and you're greeted with the phrase "Illusion of Life" that spelled with capital letters.

It is, in substance, an expression inherited from vocabulary consecrated of the existentialist, enough to suspect what brand will have the poems.

Move forward with reading, being curious to see you how the poet remains on same chord of background, and how deep, how seriously lives in this idea, not at all new.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

And it is not new for that the roots of the existentialism, reformulated modern, draw their sap from the skepticism of biblical, melancholic Ecclesiastes, discouraged, in the tragic consciousness of finitude as destiny.

It is the King biblical, an, existentialist *avant la lettre*.

He discovers that "weather is to you be born, and a time is to die", otherwise "all is hunting of wind".

What else can be said new in our time, even in personal formula, when the existentialism has been intensively supported philosophically, in centuries XIX, and, XX, from Kierkegaard and up to Sartre, with specific nuances.

A poem in the terms, of the existentialism status, more can interested the being of the our days, slave of the visual image and the Internet, only through adaptations or additions updated, complementary the central idea, and not finally, by the power of the return over of the self.

It is about what you are trying to achieve the poet Sorin Cerin, leaving us, from the beginning, the impression that he lives the miracle creative, the inspiration.

Wanting to guide the reader to search for a specific kind of poetry cultivated in these volumes (with one and the same cover), author subtitled them, *ne varietur* "Poems of meditation", as and are at the level of ideas.

But how deep and how personal, is the meditation, you can not say than at the end of reading, when you synthesize what namely aspects of ontology and from what perspective, intellectual and emotional, them develop the poet.

Certainly, the existentialist poetry vocabulary universal, recognizable, is now redistributed in an another

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

topic, what leads to combinations surprising of new , some daring, or terribly tough, such as those concerning the church.

Reading only one of the three volumes is like as you them read on all, are singing on same chord with minimal renewal from, a poem to another.

The poet closes in a unitary conceptual sphere, from here the specific rhetoric.

Wherever you open one of the volumes, you are in the center of the universe poetic of the same ideas, the same attitude of skepticism outraged.

At the level of language, the same vocabulary, well-tuned with the conceptual sphere, is recombined in new and new phrases with updates related to today's environment, and even immediately of the Being, thrown into the world to atone for the "Original Sin".

It is known, because sages said, "Eva's son does not live in a world devoid of wails".

The ambition to build a personal meditation, impossible to achieve at the level of poetic vocabulary, already tired, is compensated by the art of combination of the words, without being able to avoid redundant frequency of some phrases.

The most frequent, sometimes deliberately placed and twice in the same poem is "Illusion of Life".

Dozens of others keywords, complementary, surprises by ostentatious use, to emphasize the idea of "Non-sense of Existence".

Are preferred, series of words written with uppercase: "Moment," "Immortality," "Illusion," "Absurd," "Silence," "Death," "Eternity", "Absolute Truth", "Dream", "Free Will", "Original Sin", "Love", "Loneliness", "Alienation", "God" and many others.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

The phrase brings here and now, living problematized of the existence is "Consumer Society".

Is released from poetry a frenzy of duplication of word, what supports the idea.

Often this exuberant energy of rearrangement of words, covers what you looking for in poems composed on one and the same theme, namely, living intense affective of feeling of "illusion of life" inside, not outside.

Here, we more mention of manner to distinguish the expressive words spelled with a capital letter.

Rain of uppercase tends to flood few basic meanings of the poems.

And more there's a particularity, the punctuation.

After each verse, finished or not as, understood, grammatical or not, it put a comma; the point is put preferably only after the last verse.

Otherwise than biblical Ecclesiastes, our poet, more revolted, than melancholic, do hierarchies of vanities pretty little ordered that you to can follow clear ideas.

The significances is agglomerating, in one and the same poem, like *Hierarchy of the Vanity*.

But it's not the only one.

Of blame can be contemporary reality which provokes on multiple planes, poet's sensibility.

The word "the vanity" is engaged in a combination serious, sharp, put to accompany even the phenomenon of birth of the world, for to suggest, finally, by joins culinary very original, willfully, vulgar, disgust, "nausea", à la Sartre, left behind by the consciousness of the absurd of existence.

I sent at the poem, Industry Meat Existential: "Plow of the Vanity dig deep, / in the dust of the Existence, / wanting to sow the genes of the Illusion of Life, / for to be

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

born the World, / after a prolonged gestation, / in womb without limits, of the Lie, / that rests on Truth for to exist, / ... ravens blacks of the thoughts, / by developing, / A true Industry of the Meat Existential, / beginning, / from steaks of, dreams on the barbecue of the Absurd, / up to, / sausage of highest quality of the Hopelessness. "

What you find in this poem: paradox, nonsense, nihilism, disillusionment, dreams made ashes, all this and more will multiply, kaleidoscopic recombine in all creation contained in these volumes.

If, the notions and synthetic concepts contained in words maintains their meaning constant, the fate of the "word" is not the same, seems to go toward exhaustion, as and the force of renewal of poetry.

Have and the words their fate, apart from poetry, as the poet says.

At first, paradoxically, "Autumn sentimental" is forsaken by the "harvests passionate of words" frantically collected, by the temper ignited of the poet in love only of certain words, those from existentialist semantics.

Sometimes, "Flocks, of words, / furrow the sky of Memories".

In registry changed, the word is tormented as a tool of media, violent, rightly incriminated of poet: "Words lacustrine / cry in pots of Martyrs, / put at the windows of brothels of Newspapers ...".

Is deplored the fate of the words employed unusual, grotesque: "At butchery of Words, / in the street corner of the Destiny / are sold bones of phrases rotten, / legs of meanings for fried ...".

And with this fragment I have illustrated the originality resentful word combinations, which give free

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

course the ideas, a poetic attitude provoked by the revolt against the nonsense of existence.

Ultimately is metaphorise "the winter of the Words, / which snows over our Days ..." and is deplored their fate, the falling "in the Mud, of some Words, / obscene and full of invective", and finally, their death: "Cemeteries of words are strung in the souls, / what they will and hopes at Resurrection ...".

Here the words came back to poetry.

But, the word is only the tool what not is only of the poet's, only of his, is the problem of background of existence illusory, perceived as such, in the existentialism terms from the early 21st century .

This is the core, the leitmotif of dozens of poems signed by Sorin Cerin, distributed studied, I suppose symbolic numerological, in each volume 77 each, neither more or less.

From the seed of this idea generously sown, rises for the poet tired of so much, kneaded thinking: "Herbs of questions what float lazily over the eyelids / of the Sunset, / what barely can keep ajar, / in the horizon of some Answers, / what appear to be migrated toward the cold distances of the Forgetfulness. "

The note meditative of these lyrics is not entirely discouraging.

The poet is neither depressed nor anxious, because he has a tonic temperament.

He always goes from the beginning with undefeated statements the will, to understand, without accepting, as, thus, may to return toward the knowledge of self.

In poetic images rare, is outlined a kind of summary of poetic discourse, focused in the poetry The Hierarchy of the Vanity, ended in contemporaneity terms of the absurd.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

It's a way to renew what was more said, that "we eat absurd on bread."

The plural indicates in poet an exponent in the name of man in general, "the granite" signifying the mystery impenetrable, of which is now facing "cane thoughtfully" "climbed up on the rocks of Life / we want to understand the granite as it is, / a reed conscious of self.

|| Demolish the pillars of Nature of the Illusion of Life, / trying to put in their place, / A Dream far stranger of ourselves. || ruined the Weakness , / ... becoming our own wrecks, / what wander to nowhere. || ...

Would be the eyes of Consumer Society made only to/ watch the Hierarchy of the Vanities?

Love that would deserve a comment of the nuances at which send the poetic images, is in the Dream and reality, an: " icon attached to the walls of the cold and insensitive, / of a cathedral of licentiousness, as is the Consumer Society, / which us consumes the lives / for a Sens what we will not him know, never. "

Beyond the game of words, is noted, the noun seriously, what cancels altogether the sacredness of the cathedral.

It's a transfer of meanings produced by the permanent revolt poured out upon the type of society we live in.

Our life, the poet laments in the Feline Existential: "is sells expensive at the counter of the Destiny / for to flavor the Debauchery, / subscriber with card of pleasures, all right / at the Consumer Society." / ... "Empty promises / and have lost keys of the Fulfillment / and now make, Moral to the cartel of Laws / alongside the prostitutes politicians, of the moment ".

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

Violent language, as poetic arrows thrown and against terrible degradation of politics, gives free course to the ideas, a type nihilistic rebellion, raised to the rank of principle.

Absolutely current target is even more evident when, in the poem, the Game of the Life with Death,, is criminalized in much the same terms, "Consumer Society Famine garden, / as, great athletes, of cutting of incomes / hysterical and false, scales of the Policy, / us skimp sparingly each, Moment ...".

Changing the subject, vocable "moment" in relation to "eternity", updates a note from the arsenal of specific words from the language of the great existentialist thinker who was the mystic Kierkegaard.

After how attitudes clearly atheist, when it comes to God and the church, in the poems of Cerin , update hardness of language, with particularities of existentialism of Sartre, while Mathematics of the existence and many other poem, us bring back into the cultural memory the image of that "monde cassé" perceived critical by the frenchman Gabriel Marcel.

Perhaps the most dense in complementary concepts the "existence", between the first poems of the first volume, is Lewdness.

Are attempts to give definitions, to put things in relationship through inversion with sense, again very serious accusatory, like the one with address at "monastery".

Sure, unhappiness of the being that writes such poetry, comes not only from the consciousness of the fall of man in the world under the divine curse, but and from what would be a consequence, rejection, up to the blasphemy of the need for God.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

The interrogation, from the poetry, Lewdness, which, seems that leaves to the reader the freedom of to give particular answers, it's a trick of the poet aware of what affirms, at masked mode: "The existence is a ghost caught between two dreams, Space and / Time./ Peace will always be indebted to the War with her own / weapons, Vanity of Democracy and Dictatorship ./ Which Lewdness has not its monastery and which murder /her democracy?"

The poem continues with a new definition of "Existence" as a "gamble", accompanied by "Hope", never left at the mercy of "free will", which would give to man the freedom to change anything. It remains only the freedom of the being to judge her own existence, eternal fenced to can overcome the absurd.

Nature demonstrative of the poet him condemns, extroversion, at excesses, that, scatters, too generous what has gathered hardly from the library of his own life and of books.

Paradoxically, the same temperament is the source of power to live authentic feeling of alienation and accentuated loneliness, until to feel his soul as a "house in ruins", from which, gone, the being, fallen into "Nothingness", more has chance, of to be, doomed "Eternity".

Remain many other comments of made at few words the poet's favorite, written with upper case.

But, about, "Love", "God", "Church," "Absurd", "Moment and Eternity", "Silence" and "Death" maybe another time.

Would deserve, because this poet is not lacked of inspiration so coveted by others, as wrote poet Magda Cârneci, but he must beware of the danger of remaining an *artifex*, and yet not to step too pressed the footsteps from

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

Bacovia or Emil Botta, toward of not them disfigure through excess.

Ana Blandiana: "The poetry of meditation on which a writes Sorin Cerin is not a versification of philosophical truths, but a interweaving of revelations, about these truths. And the ratio of intensity of these revelations and doubt from which are constructed the truths is precisely the philosopher's stone of this poetry. Moreover, secrecy of being able to fasten the lightning of the revelation is a problem as subtle as that of keeping solar energy from warm days into the ones cold. "

PhD Professor Theodor Codreanu: "Sorin Cerin is a paradoxist aphoristic thinker, of, a great mobility of the mind, who controls masterfully the antitheses, joining them oxymoronically, or alternating them chiasmatic, in issues with major stakes from our spiritual and social life. Poetry from, the Free Will, is an extension of his manner of meditation, imbuing it with a suitable dose of kynism (within the meaning given to the word by Peter Sloterdijk), succeeding, simultaneously the performance, of to remain in the authentic lyricism even when blames "Ravens vulgar, necrophiliacs and necrophagous, of the Dreams".

PhD Professor Ioan Holban : "About the expressiveness and richness of meanings transmitted to the Other, by silence, Lucian Blaga wrote anthological pages. The poet of today writes, in Great Silences, a poetry of religious sentiment, not of pulpit, but, in thought with God, in meditation and in the streak of lightning of thought toward the moment of Creation. Sorin Cerin's poetry is of an other Cain wandering in the wilderness, keeping still

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

fragments from the joy of Eden, to exit from "Vise" of the world, where, at the fallen man, collapses the horizon of soul, in the rains of fire and traces of lead. "

PhD Professor Maria Ana Tupan : "The lyrical meditations of Sorin Cerin have something from the paradoxical mixture of despair and energy of the uprising from Emil Cioran's philosophical essays. The notification of tragicalness and grotesque of the existence, does not lead to psychical paralysis, but to nihilism exorcised and blasphemous. Quarrel with "adulterine God" - appellation shocking, but very expressive for the idea, of, original sin of ... God who must be conceived the evil world through adultery with Satan - receives, accents sarcastic in vignettes of a Bibles desacralized, with a Creator who works to firmament at a table of blacksmith, and a Devil in whom were melded all rebels hippy-rap-punk-porto-Rican:

[...] Stars alcoholic, of a universe, greedy, paltry and cynical, drinking by God at the table of Creation,
on the lachrymose heavens of Happiness, scrawled,
with graffiti by Devil,

If the poet has set in the poem, To a barbecue. an exercise of Urmuz, success is perfect. Not only, ingenious jumps deadly for the logic of identity from one ontological level to another, we admire here, but and tropism, of, a baroque inventiveness of an Eucharist inside out, because in a universe of the life toward death, the one that is broken is the spirit, the word, to reveal a flesh ... Deleuze, animal, described as the meticulous anatomical map of a medical student. The poet us surprise by novelty and revelation of the definition aphoristic, because after the first moment of surprise, we accept the moralizing scenery of the time, with a past, dead, a future alive, and a present, illusory, contrary

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

to common sentiment, that the lived life is our ego certainly, that only the present really exists, and that the future is a pure hypothesis. Cerin, redefines the human being as, finding the authenticity in multiplication mental of ternal reality and as existentialist project ".

PhD Professor Mircea Muthu: "The desperation to find a Sens to the contemporary existence fill the poetic testimony of Sorin Cerin, in which the twilight of language, associated with "broken hourglass" of time, is, felt - with acuity tragic - of, "our words tortured."

"Meditation, turned towards self itself, of "the mirrors of the question" or of "the eyes" fabulous, of the Ocean endlessly, is macerated at the same temperature febrile, of voltaic arc, enunciated - in short - of the phrase "rains of fire".

PhD Professor Cornel Ungureanu : "Sorin Cerin proposes a poetic speech about how to pass " beyond ", a reflection and a meditation that always needs capital letters. With capital letters, words can bear the accents pressed of the author who walks. with so much energy on the realms, beautiful crossed by those endowed with the grace of the priesthood. Sorin Cerin ritualization times of the poetic deconstruction, if is to we understand properly the unfolding of the lyrics under the flag of the title. "

PhD Professor Ion Vlad : "Sorin Cerin has defined his poems from the book " The Great Silences ", " poems of meditation ". Undoubtedly, reflexivity is the dominant of his creation, chaired by interrogations, riots, unrest and dramatic research of SILENCE, topos of the doubts, of the

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

audacity, and, of the adventure of the spirit, in the permanent search of the truth, and his poetry follows to an axiology of an intense dramatic. Is the lyric of the lucidity, meditation and of genuine lyricism ".

Ph.D. Lecturer Laura Lazăr Zăvăleanu:

"Intellectual formed at the school Bucharest, but sensing the need to claim it admiringly, from the critical model, of the school Cluj, where he identify his exemplary models in the teachers, Ion Vlad and Mircea Muthu, Sorin Cerin builds and the poetry intertextual, because the poet of the Great Silences, declares all over, his experts, identified here, intrinsically, with Blaga (through philosophical reflection and prosodic structure, sometimes deliberately modeled after Poems of light) and Arghezi. The very title of the volume, the Great Silences, impose the imperative, of an implicit dialogue with the poetry of Arghezi bearing the same title. At the searches feverish from the Psalms of Arghezi, of a God called to appear, answer them here the interpellations indefatigably of an apostate, believer, that is torn in the wilderness of the thought and of image broken mirrored by the world declared, between love denouncer, and affectionate revolt, between curse incantatory and disguised prayer, of eternally in love, without being able, to decline, in reality, fervor, although the word has experimented, aesthetic, the whole lexicon, blasphemously and apocalyptic. A duplicity of salvation, in fact, that - shouting the drama of alienation and of introspection missed, as and the impotence of the meeting with the other, or fear of overlapping with him, in a world whose meaning is wandered into "darkness of the camps of ideas", at the interference of a time and of a space reached ' at the end of border "- gives birth, in the litany, *`a rebours*, the signs of

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

creation redeemed, in full feast cynical, "on the table of potter of love".

PhD Professor Călin Teuțișan: "Poetry of Sorin Cerin declaim a fatal nostalgia of the Sense. Thinking poetic trying his recovery, from disparate fragments, brought back together by labor lyrical, imagining a possible map reconstituted, even fragmentary, of the world, but especially of the being. Using of metaphors, neo-visionary, is context of reference of these poems, crossed, from time to time, of parables of the real, "read" in the key symbolic, but and ironical. Cynicism is entirely absent in the lyrics of Sorin Cerin. This means that the lyrical personage, what speaks in this pages, namely, consciousness lyrical, put an ethics pressure over reality, thus forcing her to assume own forgotten truths. "

PhD Professor Cornel Moraru: "Prophet of existential nothingness, the poet is part of category of the moralists, summing up in a fleeting manner, precepts aphoristic, and rough projections from a ecstatic vision of the end of the world. His meditations develops a furious rhetoric on theme "nonsense of Existence", although expressing more doubts than certainties, and questions than answers. The intensity of involvement in this endeavor lyrical, touches, at a time, odds extremes: from jubilation to sarcasm, and from indignation again at ecstasy ... "

PhD Professor Ovidiu Moceanu:"Through the cemeteries of the dreams, volume signed by Sorin Cerin, poetry of the great existential questions seeks a new status, by building in texts which communicate underground, an image of man interrogative. "Cathedral of the existence"

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

has her pitfalls, "Absolute truth" seems unattainable, "White Lilies of the truth" can kill, "if not ventilates pantry of mind," the poetic ego discovers rather a "God too bitter" ... All these are expressions of a state of great inner tension, in which the lucidity has wounded the revelation, and has limited the full living of the meaning of existence. "

PhD Professor Dumitru Chioaru: "Speech prophetic, philosophical or poetic? - It's hard to determine in which fits texts of Sorin Cerin . The author, them incorporates on all three into a personal formula, seemingly antiquated, aesthetic, but, speaking with breath of, *poeta vates*, last words before Apocalypse. An apocalypse in which the world desacralized and dominated by false values, ends in order to can regenerate through Word ".

PhD Professor Ștefan Borbély: "Spirit deeply and sincerely religious, Sorin Cerin desperate search for the diamond hidden in the darkness of the rubble, of the ashes. A whole arsenal of the modernity negative - cups of the wilderness, water of the forgetfulness, slaughterhouses, the feast continuous of suffering, monkey of rotten wood, etc., etc. - is called to denounce in his lyrics, "lethal weapons of the consumer society" and "the madhouse" of the alienation by merchantability of our everyday existence. The tone is apodictically, passionate, prophetic, does not admit shades or replicas. "The new steps of faith" are enunciated peremptorily as hope of the salvation collective, "divine light" it shimmers in, deliverer, at end, still distant of the torture, but on the moment, the poet seems to be preoccupied exclusively rhetoric eschatological, glimpsing decadence, resignation moral or ruins almost everywhere where it can to walk or look "

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

Gheorghe Andrei Neagu: "Defining for, this writer seems to be rightfully, the doubt, as the cornerstone of his poems (Mistake pg.73). I congratulate the author, for his stylistic boldness from " From the eyes of the divine light, page 81, as well as from the other sins, nestled in his creator bosom. I think Romanian literature has in Sorin Cerin a writer 3rd millennium that must be addressed with more insistence by criticism of speciality"

Marian Odangiu: "Lyrical poetry of Sorin Cerin is one, of, the essential questions: the relationship of the Being with the Divinity, in a world of increasingly more distorted by point of view of value, -and distortionary the same time!-, disappearance of some fundamental benchmarks - attracting after themselves of interrogations overwhelming, and infinite anxieties - absence all more disturbing of some Truths, which to pave the way to Salvation, deep doubts demotivating on the Meaning of Life, absurd raised at the rank of existential reason, feeds the fear and anxieties of the poet. Such, his lyrics develop a veritable rhetoric of despair, in which, like an insect hallucinated of Light, the author launching unanswered questions, seeking confirmations where these entered from far in dissolution, sailing pained, but lucid, through images and metaphors elevated and convincing poignancy, builds apocalyptic scenarios about Life, Love and Death ... "

Eugen Evu: "... Books seem to be objects of worship - culture - own testament of a ceremonial ... of, the neo-knowledge, Socratic-Platonic under sign, " the General Governing of the Genesis " for instance. What is worth considered is also, the transparent imperative of the author

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

to communicate in native language, Romanian. The loneliness attributed the Sacred, is however of the human being, in her hypostasis reductive, of the human condition How Vinea wrote the poet sees his ideas, or the mirroring in the ' room with mirrors ' of the universal library. A destiny, of course, personal, largely assumed, nota bene. In the volume, the Political, at the extreme of H. R. Patapievici poet is well cognizant of the problem Eliade, of the "fall of the human in politikon zoon"... Between rationalism and irrationalism, Sorin Cerin sailing on the Interconnection Ocean. "

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

CONTENTS

- 1. The bitter Water of the Illusions of Life and Death**
- 2. They stole me even and the Crown of Thorns**
- 3. Revenges**
- 4. We the ones, from before us**
- 5. Pulling the Life by the tangled hair**
- 6. Incarnate in Death**
- 7. Which make sensations**
- 8. The Joints of Pain**
- 9. The Water of Despair**
- 10. When we arrived**
- 11. Crossing on the Passings, of the Days as a zebra**
- 12. So rich in Death**
- 13. To cover us with their roots**
- 14. Despair**
- 15. Under the Sun of Despair**
- 16. On the back of the Compromises**
- 17. The cups of nowhere, of the Slaughterhouses, of, false Smiles**
- 18. To be fulfilled the Paradox of the Human Condition**

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

- 19. At the Dance of Illusions of the Non-Senses of
the Existence**
- 20. At the skating of Words**
- 21. In the burning sun of Questions**
- 22. Holding by the handles of the Cups of
Nowhere**
- 23. The inner Fire of the Unrests**
- 24. On the back of our Days**
- 25. The shining Colors of Happiness**
- 26. To lower the blood pressure**
- 27. In this Universe of the Penitence**
- 28. To climb our, Free Will**
- 29. The Menu of the despairs**
- 30. We did not think we'd ever leave**
- 31. Funeral Happiness**
- 32. Hoping with the last breath**
- 33. Up to the last drop of Forgetfulness**
- 34. From the bitter stone of the Days**
- 35. So**
- 36. The Scorching heat of the Loneliness**
- 37. He thought in detail**
- 38. Which is barely visible**
- 39. Time too old**
- 40. The Death who dies only once with her own
Being**
- 41. Off the menacing Walls, of the Vanity**
- 42. So distorted**
- 43. Trampling on the Embers of the Pain**
- 44. On the slopes of the Conscience**
- 45. They come in such a large number to
sacrifice themselves**
- 46. A meticulous butler**
- 47. Calculates us the portion of Life and Death**

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

- 48. Camps of the Despair**
- 49. Can not be taken for free**
- 50. The big and rotten Balances of the Times**
- 51. An unscrupulous ambition**
- 52. Banished from the orbits of Heaven**
- 53. Has not believed in the Life of Beyond**
- 54. Beyond the Times what seem to be bygone**
- 55. The Deadly Leap**
- 56. Speed restrictions**
- 57. The thick cloth of Despair**
- 58. Until the last drop of Love**
- 59. On the roads without stopping, of the
Loneliness**
- 60. Up to the heights of the Love**
- 61. Icons, maker of miracles, at the Despair**
- 62. Controls us any movement of Dreams**
- 63. The Fog of our Words**
- 64. What they still believe in us**
- 65. They fall on us**
- 66. The Vanity of the Desperation of the
Shadows**
- 67. Under the Heaven, of, lead, of the
Oppressions**
- 68. Without Soul, without Sense**
- 69. To take once for all in Death**
- 70. Until to the latter, Trace and Shadow**
- 71. It has never existed a Winner**
- 72. They knew, that otherwise**
- 73. With, the Ghosts of the Words**
- 74. Which was crushed**
- 75. So that I can pass by the Walls of the
Vanities**
- 76. Whose train of Absolute Truth**

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

77. By hand, with, the Ghosts of the Words

1. The bitter Water of the Illusions of Life and Death

Released by me myself,
on the Shores of the Wilderness of Words,
on which I drink thirsty,
from the cups of nowhere, of the Destiny
the bitter Water of the Illusions of Life and Death,
but not before washing with her,
the Soles of the Non-Senses of Existence,
in which, I have incarnated for me,
the Dreams of Love,
of the World before the World,
what have been shattered,
by the Winds of the Vanity,
what they are blowing toward Nowhere,
scattering the Word of Creation,
toward the Horizons of Loneliness,
by ourselves.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

2. They stole me even and the Crown of Thorns

Crucified on the Heaven of the Vanity,
built at the foundation of Pain,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
they stole me even and the Crown of Thorns,
of the Despair,
on which they demand it back from me,
being so alone,
without her grip which stung me,
even the last Feelings,
what they have stepped decidedly toward Death,
in which were lost,
their Pains,
after, the window-blinds, vagabond, of the Thoughts,
what they came to sleep where they could,
degrading even the deserted streets of the Vanity,
with the smell of the morgue of their Glances,
which, they decompose solemnly,
in the Eyes of Heaven, leaden,
which no longer expresses anything,
long ago than the Weather.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

3. Revenges

The zodiac signs, of wax, of the Eyes,
melt on the black asphalt,
stained with the pitch of the Thoughts,
on which they trampled,
the perverse wheels of the Time,
what have crushed the Days,
in a religious procession,
of the Vanities,
what is heading in a funeral convoy,
holding the candles of the Illusions of Life and Death,
in the bloody hands,
of the Destinies of some Revenges,
what they will never see again,
the Night, cold and insalubrious ,
in which we lose our Dreams,
at the game table,
of the Illusions of the Non-Senses of the Existence.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

4. We the ones, from before us

Being retired in the corner of the Universe,
of the paradisiacal pleasures,
God seems to have forgotten,
by, the Mistakes of his Creation,
leaving the Eyes of Heaven, of the Dreams,
to drown,
in the Tears of the Storms, of the Night,
what bring the tongues of fire,
of the Flames of Memories from the Future,
what they burn us the Feelings,
consuming them by the longing of those who we have
been,
we the ones, from before us,
which, we no longer descend,
of longer than the ancient Times
in the deserted station of the Souls,
what are falling apart
in the fine sieve,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
which have sifted us, the Despairs,
for to bake, from them,
the bread of Suffering,
of the Days, what will come.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

5. Pulling the Life by the tangled hair

Confused,
that they have blossomed us,
the wounds of Distances of ourselves,
and in the gardens of our Souls,
we seek the Path toward Absolute,
of the Despair,
what leaves us to choose,
everything we want,
from, the Vanities of the Time,
knowing that we can not miss,
the Death,
what will no longer let us,
the Illusions of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
to enters on her Realms,
pulling the Life,
by the tangled hair of the killed Moments,
in the empty and lost Glances of the Days.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

6. Incarnate in Death

The Roots of Time,
they began to rot,
on the broken Windows of Thoughts,
what have escaped,
from the prison of the Illusions of Life and Death,
seeking the Divine Light of Dreams,
what runs on the rays,
of a Star of Immortality,
which will never fall,
with us,
on the deserted Shores,
of the Cemeteries of Words,
which, they surround us,
the wandering Destiny,
incarnate in Death.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

7. Which make sensations

The hopes,
they want to dress us,
the Meetings,
carrying the Empty Suitcases,
by Smiles,
what they embrace,
the Clothes of the stained Days,
placed on the rusty hanger,
of the Dreams,
on which she would like to wear them,
the Death,
at the Banquet of the Illusions,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
where to be invited,
by, our Destiny,
at the dance of the same Vanities,
which make sensations,
through the salons of hysterical massage,
of the Absurd.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

8. The Joints of Pain

The rusted roads,
by the saliva of the bloody Horizons,
followed by the transparent Thoughts,
of the Hazard,
what, they fall, ruined at the edge of Destiny,
without to longer contemplate,
the Wounds of Absurd,
which, they dry the marrow of the Days,
whose bones, emptied of any content,
are stolen by the Illusions of Life and Death,
for to sing at them,
the Despair of the Times,
on which we follow them silently,
towards the Joints of Pain,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
which is lost in Death.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

9. The Water of Despair

The Gods of the Desires,
denuded by the Illusions of Life and Death,
are looking for their halter
of the Absolute Truth,
for to commit suicide,
before to brighten up
the Day, puzzled,
by her own Nakedness,
so sought-after,
the lascivious Pride,
of the Compromises,
on which, he would no longer give,
Nobody, Nothing,
if he found out,
the quality of Mud,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
in which we have incarnated,
the Memories of the Future,
so that the Destiny, potter,
to he make from us,
the cups of nowhere,
from which, the Water of Despair to drink
its Happiness.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

10. When we arrived

Fences of Smiles frozen,
they hit us, the streets crowded by Desperations,
of the Dreams,
what they no longer frolic freely,
through the courtyards of the Days, disinherited,
even of their own Nakedness,
in which were heard ours
the deaf Echoes of the Desires,
what have fallen destroyed,
in the Dust of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
which were waiting for us every time,
at the Gates of our Destiny,
when we arrived,
from the Meeting of the Non-incidentally Happening
with the Illusions of Life and Death.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

11. Crossing on the Passings, of the Days as a zebra

Sticked by the pillow of Despair,
on which they sleep the eternal sleep,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
the Years have become grizzled,
waiting us the Memories of the Future,
what have refused to come,
crossing on the Passings,
of the Days as a zebra,
of our Glances,
on which we accustomed every time,
to we go,
then when we want,
to we unite us, the streets of the Souls,
under the roof,
of a single Horizon,
of the Love.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

12. So rich in Death

The zodiac Signs of Divine Light,
would have wanted, to snow,
with the buds of Destiny,
over, the Tear of the Season of our Life,
which was trickling
among the Lattice,
of the Illusions of the Non-Senses of Existence,
have furrowed the dry face of Despair,
to overflow,
then,
as far away as possible,
by ourselves,
in the Wrinkles of Pain,
which unites us,
the Heaven of Cemeteries of Words,
on which, we address them to us, daily,
with the steep shores of the Pride,
accompanied each time,
by the Compromises,
what, they hide us,

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

the coins of the lost Glances of the Love,
through the pockets of some Destinies,
so rich in Death,
that they are no longer of any use to them,
at the Fairs of the Dust of Stars,
of the Dreams,
from the deserted streets of the Vanity.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

13. To cover us with their roots

The suspended bridges,
over the rivers of Sweat,
of the Heaven,
which pulls hard,
the Eyes, disconcerted,
of the Dreams, bogged down,
through the mud of the Vanities,
from which they bloom every time,
the buds of the Despair,
watered well,
with the Water of Illusions of Life and Death,
for to grow,
vigorous enough,
to cover us,
with their roots,
any attempt,
of to become again, ourselves,
we, the ones before of to be
this Existence,
of the Nobody.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

14. Despair

As much as I would like to close definitively,
the Gates of Fire,
of the Despair,
at the back of the Shadows of our Love,
always new Flames of Questions will pass,
to consume our Feelings,
with the Distances, increasingly higher
between ourselves,
and the Cemeteries of Words,
on which we use them,
to we fill the empty place of the Glances,
what they fall, always,
in the Chasms of the Pain,
in which our Dreams were thrown,
what they could no longer bear,
the nakedness of the Days,
which, they made us obscene signs,
to we follow them,
transforming us,

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

in Tears of Despair,
trickled on the face of Brothels,
of Happenings, Non-incidentally
of the Time,
to whom, we would have given him, anything,
to no longer appears,
in our Way,
Never.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

15. Under the Sun of Despair

Crucified on the chest of Human Condition,
we lead us every time,
toward Death,
the frozen Smiles,
of the Eternities of Moments,
so that we can live,
under the Sun of Despair,
where we are held captive,
by the Illusions of Life and Death,
which are washed every time,
at the emergence of the Dawns of the Vanity,
with the Tears of the Word of our Making,
together with the Original Sins,
created after the image and likeness of God,
who kidnapped us,
from the arms of Divine Light,
of the Love.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

16. On the back of the Compromises

The wheels of the Years,
they crushed in beating, the Distances,
by ourselves,
on the black and cold asphalt of the Vices,
in which we drowned our Pride,
for to cross the Rust of the Padlocks,
of the Illusions of the Non-Senses of Existence,
whose keys,
were thrown by Death,
in the open arms of Despair,
what surrounds us the graves of the Glances,
increasingly depressed,
of the funeral Destinies,
what they were given us,
by the Mistake of Creation
to we carry them on the back,
of the Compromises.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

**17. The cups of nowhere, of the Slaughterhouses,
of, false Smiles**

Caravans of Wrinkles,
deep and despondent,
by the defeated Years,
of the hidden Feelings,
by the Days, empty and dry,
until, in the marrow of the Moments,
up to the marrow of the Moments,
they carry the Mysteries of Creeds,
in the cups of nowhere,
of the Slaughterhouses, of, false Smiles,
toward the dusty roads,
of the Falling Stars,
what they bury us the Destinies,
on the dark vaults,
of the Despair,
what, run with us,
toward Nowhere,
without longer being able to think,
at, the Chance of the escape,
from the prison,
of our own Self,
incarnated in the Dust,
of the Illusions of Life and Death.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

18. To be fulfilled the Paradox of the Human Condition

Flashed with voluptuous Passions,
over the waves of the Dawn, peeled,
from the ruined walls of Destinies,
what should have to paint us,
the bloody Horizons,
with the Brush used,
at the painting of the icons of the Faith,
what has succeeded so well,
to hide the criminal defects of the Holy Fathers,
lost through the defective Genes, of the Blood, altered,
by the ancestors of the Vanity of this World,
which circulates through our veins and today,
that, even now,
the Knees oppressed and full of Losses,
of the Loneliness, by own Self,
they worship before the dead Walls,
from the Cathedrals of some Prides,
which they boast through the Fair of the Legends,
that he would have hosted somewhere- sometime,

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

a Love,
what turned out to be,
of the Nobody,
reasons why,
was passed among the Divinities,
precisely to be fulfilled,
The Paradox of the Human Condition.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

**19. At the Dance of Illusions of the Non-Senses of
the Existence**

The remains of smiles,
they sit thrown,
in the discreet pimples,
of on the face of Happiness,
on which, I have invited her,
at the Dance of Illusions,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
juggling through the deep Wrinkles,
of the Despairs,
which, they applauded us,
the impeccable performance,
of to plunge,
directly in the cups of nowhere,
of the Souls of some Moments,
on which we have not yet drunk them,
without we knowing how bitter,
were their bodies of Words,
on which she whispered them to us,
the Death,
to the deaf ears of the Vanity,
of this Paradise of Inferno.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

20. At the skating of Words

Clothed with the mantle of the Sorrow,
on the cold, of, end, of, World,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
on the lips of the Words to which,
is eternally frozen,
so that every time,
the Despair invites us,
at the skating of Words,
along with Death,
which hides her makeup of the Illusions,
next to the broken Mirror of the Creation,
in which, she stares stealthily at her face,
of the own Being,
from which she breathed us, and to us, the Life,
on which she hid it from us,
in the pocket of the vain Dreams,
of the Days,
on which she decides to steal them from us,
from the breathing of Destiny.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

21. In the burning sun of Questions

We received each,
a slice of Darkening,
from Destiny,
for to not thaw,
the Illusions of Life and Death,
in the burning sun of Questions,
renegades every time,
by the Conscience oppressive,
of the Despair,
which has clothed us,
the Paradise of the Sacred Inferno of the World,
of a God,
so stranger of ourselves,
that he has sold us the Love,
at the Fair of the cattle of burden,
of the Vanity.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

22. Holding by the handles of the Cups of Nowhere

The strings of rusty Happiness,
they began to fall apart,
under the heavy bows of Despair,
of the frozen Smiles,
of the Hopes, so hot,
that they kindled us,
the candle of the Unrest,
from the tombs of the Days,
for pious remembrance,
of the buried Glance,
through the Cemeteries of Loves,
who were seriously injured,
by the Vanities,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
then dying,
holding by the handles of the Cups of Nowhere,
who promised them the Water of Immortality,
not knowing that it was brought,
from the arms of Indifference.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

23. The inner Fire of the Unrests

Day drew its black stockings,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
as the cold of the Absolute Truth not to encompass it,
on the lips of the Words so frozen,
that they become breakable at the slightest touch,
of the Questions as zebra,
that unite the streets of the Vanity,
becoming Passings, which they cross,
the decomposed and consumed Souls,
of, so much, Empty,
in which their Feelings collapse,
still from the early hours of the Morning,
what, they would like to cool down,
the inner Fire of the Unrests,
with new scenes of Love,
on which they no longer play,
none of Destinies,
being forbidden to them,

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

by the Despair,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
who does not want to lose its supremacy,
before the Original Sins,
of a God,
totally uninterested,
by this Paradise of the Inferno,
that we live in.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

24. On the back of our Days

Wrinkles, deep and full of drought,
of the Happiness,
are bypassed,
even and by the cups of nowhere of the Absurd,
on which she awaits them,
the Love,
with the Eyes of Heaven, lost,
on the Walls, untouchable,
of the Horizons of some decomposed Glances,
by the Illusions of Life and Death,
what they drink from the palms of the Vanity,
the Powers that spring from the unextinguished Fire,
of the Despair,
kindled by the Original Sins,
for to burn us the Destinies,
with the Suffering of the Non-Senses of Existence,
on which we have to carry it,
on the back of our Days.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

25. The shining Colors of Happiness

Retrievals, lost,
among the poisonous thorns of the Cemeteries of Dreams,
in which we were buried us,
every time,
the Eternities of the Moments,
on which we were cursed to crush them,
once with our passing,
through the calvary of the Illusions of Non-Senses of
Existence,
who put us,
on the shoulders of vain Hopes,
the whole weight of Life,
what must be carried,
up to the gates of Death,
which are open to us, certainly,
every time,
equally dark,
as was the Heaven of this World for us,
no matter how much,
the Absurd would have tried,
to he paints him for us,
in the shining Colors of Happiness.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

26. To lower the blood pressure

Lattices of Clouds as zebra,
they divide, the Eyes of the Heaven of Words,
in slices of Despair,
on which, the Destiny Steps passes,
so much awaited,
by the black ravens of the Thoughts,
what, they feed,
with every Meaning,
associating it with a gasket of Absurd,
only, good,
to lower the blood pressure,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
so worried about the fate of Suffering,
that every time,
they are doing everything possible, lest
this one, to lose from vitality,
and to we remain prey to Happiness,
which, she would dethrone them the purpose,
of to be the guardians,
of the Original Sins.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

27. In this Universe of the Penitence

There are no speed restrictions,
for Illusions of Non-Senses of Existence,
when we want,
to drink us the Despair,
from the cups of nowhere,
which, they invite us every time,
to we sip them, the Absurd,
up to the last drop,
of the Life and Death,
for which, the Happiness,
is an equally great banality,
such as the Suffering,
in this Universe,
of the Penitence.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

28. To climb our, Free Will

Atunci când suntem întrebați,
la porțile Cimitirelor de Speranțe,
dacă mai credem,
în Nemurirea unei Iubiri?,
vom fi loviți de fiecare dată,
de Iluziile Vieții și Morții,
cu Visele deșarte ale Întrebărilor,
rătăcite printre Răspunsurile,
care se pierd,
în Moartea salvatoare a Simțămintelor,
ce nu mai pot duce povara amară și grea,
a Păcatelor Originare,
pe zidurile lunecoase ale căroră,
încercăm să ne cățărăm,
Liberul Arbitru,
prăbușit în mocirla Întrupării,
de fiecare dată.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

29. The Menu of the despairs

Every time,
when is invited,
a Birth of a Destiny,
at the table of the Illusions of Non-Senses of Existence,
is brought the Menu of the despairs,
full with Pages of torture,
from which can be chosen,
the most exquisite products,
which,certainly,
they will provoke the appetite of the Sufferings,
which, they will command,
in their turn,
beyond measure,
new, Empty Days in sauce, of Loneliness ,
or the Bread of Poverty,
placed on the table of the Hazard,
separated by the lattice,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
by the hungry Eyes of the Hopes,
what, they will prove to be vain.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

30. We did not think we'd ever leave

We were so much Divine Light,
on the leaves of Immortality,
which, they never wither,
under, the enticing rays comming from the Star of Love,
which they stopped every time and in our station,
flooding us with their Happiness,
from which we chose,
the Eternities of brilliant Moments,
to delight us the Eyes of Heaven of the Passion,
from whose Paradise,
we did not think we'd ever leave,
until, we looked us,
in the shards broken by the Primordial Event,
what, they belonged to the Mirror of the Infinity,
and we saw our incarnate faces,
in, endless Tears,
of a World of Illusions of Life and Death,
where we were no longer the ones before,
but altogether others,

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

which, we knew about the Existence of Suffering,
through the Knowledge,
in which we had deepened more and more,
finding that and the Despair,
can be without limits,
when wanders,
through the Universe of Pain.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

31. Funeral Happiness

The gods of the allegorical chariots of the Delight,
they will want as much as possible Wine, of, Empty Words,
on the tables filled with wild Dreams,
caught in the noose of the Faiths,
of the Original Sins
so full of the bitter bones of Sufferings,
that all the Tongues of the Tastes have drowned,
they got tangled, some in others,
until Nobody, has no longer felt, Nothing,
the moment, in which, it came into being,
the Word of Creation,
which started,
to prepares his Earth of Incarnation,
in which to be able to bury,
all Hopes,
what would not be in conformity,
with the Illusions of Life and Death,
which have become the standard, of, Funeral Happiness,
of the Eyes of Heaven,
drowned in the Despair,
what, they will furrow, this World.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

32. Hoping with the last breath

Crucified on the grave,
of the Absolute Truth,
The Subconscious Stranger,
still breathing,
through the cut veins,
of the Genes of our Ancestors,
hoping with the last breath,
to be able to tell us,
the Legend of Memories from the Future,
where we were completely different,
in comparison with the ones of now,
Incarnate in the Earth of the Tombs of Dreams,
which, they raise the walls of the despairs,
using the Bricks of the Pain,
made from bones of bleached Words,
by the empty Days,
of the Loneliness,
by ourselves.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

33. Up to the last drop of Forgetfulness

The dusty streets,
with wasted Feelings,
by the Winds of the Despondency,
what, they incessantly beat,
the disturbed Destinies,
by the Remorses,
of the Illusions of Non-Senses of Existence,
what, they decided to trample,
the Horizons of the despairs,
in the feet of Indifference, of, lead,
of the Days of the empty Eyes,
who they climb their dark circles,
on the steps of the Absurd,
until they reach the Heights of Salvation,
of the Death,
on which we drink her,
up to the last drop,
of Forgetfulness.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

34. From the bitter stone of the Days

Wings of Angels,
who have come to save us,
they remained caught,
in the barbed wire fences,
of the Despair,
what does not allow them to fly,
on the Eyes of Heaven,
of the Sufferings,
deepened in the dark circles
carved by the Illusions of Life and Death,
from the bitter stone of the Days,
where we were convicted,
to atone us,
Incarnation in, Dust of the Dreams ,
of the Original Sins,
for the guilt of a God,
of the Nobody.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

35. So

It's raining with the Feelings from us,
so,
hard,
that, even the roofs of Despair,
were broken,
letting to pass, the clean Tears,
of the Eyes of Heaven of Love,
on the forehead of our Stranger, Subconscious,
which, he has no longer seen,
so,
much Water full of Feeling,
never, until now,
on this Realm of Absurd,
from which to arise the Dreams,
so,
brilliant,
such as the one of the escape from ourselves,
that, even the Illusions of Life and Death,
to they become blind,

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

hidden through the deep Darkness,
of the Regrets,
that they were partakers, at,
so,
much Pain,
on which they shared her, to this Universe,
what until now seemed to be of the Nobody.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

36. The Scorching heat of the Loneliness

The funeral processions of the Days
are heading silently,
toward the Sunset of Retrievals,
from which they draw their sap,
the Morgues of Words,
full by fallen Glances,
and, debased,
in the pits of the Illusions of Life and Death,
from which the buds of the Despair bloom,
what they bring the defiant Shadow,
of the thorns from the crown of Salvation,
crucified,
on the Original Sins,
hidden through the wounded Passions,
by, the Scorching heat of the Loneliness.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

37. He thought in detail

The drops of venom,
of the Rains of Expectations,
they flood the forehead of the Absurd,
with, the torrents of Illusions of the Happiness,
what, have crushed any opposition of the Impatience,
what could to build,
new dams of Thoughts,
which to stop the flood,
of the wounded Prides of the Predestination,
of the Word of Creation,
from which we will not understand,
nothing else,
than that we had to save ourselves,
through Death,
for to please
some Original Sins,
which have arisen from the Mistake of Creation,
of a God,
what he thought in detail,
this Universe of the Darkness.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

38. Which is barely visible

I threw my mantle of the Worries ,
of on the back burdened of the Day,
trying to escape from me myself,
on the Shores of another Realm,
on which they have not trampled,
the Illusions of Non-Senses of Existence,
leaving their Traces of the Walls of Words,
on the moving sands of the Hourglasses,
clogged by the avarice of Time,
on the black asphalt of Despair,
of the Dawn of pitch,
what they do not manage to cling,
by the Divine Light,
which is barely visible,
through the Memories of the Future.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

39. Time too old

The dark scraps, of Meanings,
they wait to be thrown,
to the trash bin,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
for to escape,
in another Reality,
where Freedom,
it do not get caught in the same Dance,
with the hot Handcuffs,
of the erotic Dreams,
from the Glances of some Empty Days,
escaped of under control,
of, the Time,
too old,
so that, he to can run, as before,
after, the Death,
who would have shown them how to behave,
with, the despairs which have visited them,
The Brothels of Words.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

**40. The Death who dies only once with her own
Being**

Burdened by the gray lead,
of the Clouds of Thoughts,
what, they have thundered and lightning,
over the Agonies of the Human Condition,
the Word of Creation,
had a moment of sincerity,
with his own Self,
accepting that it is a humble tool,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
of which he can not escape,
than through, the Death,
who only dies once,
with her own Being,
without which,
everything would return at the Realms from before,
of to be this World,
about which he can tell us,
only the Subconscious Stranger,
of the Absolute Truth,
hidden in us for to save us,
whispering us about the Memories of the Future.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

41. Off the menacing Walls, of the Vanity

The Normality of the Illusions of Life and Death,
consists of the Hierarchy of Despair,
starting at its base,
where it is always and certainly
the Suffering,
up to the peak occupied by, the Happiness,
which is the hardest,
of to borne or to be lost,
on the shoulders of the Tears of a Time,
of the Nobody,
as it is ours,
when measured,
only in, the hairs, gray,
of the lost Years,
off the menacing Walls,
of the Vanity.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

42. So distorted

The galaxies of the Despair,
they rotate, around,
of the Illusions of the Non-Senses of Existence,
to hit the exact time of the Vanity,
from which the Destinies pull their sap,
hanged by the cold and inert Darkness,
of the Word of Creation,
struck by the fate of the Original Sins,
of a God,
in which we reflected us the face of Immortality,
so distorted,
that he thought erroneously,
that only through Death,
we can become Beings of Divine Light,
as we were somewhere- sometime,
beyond this Universe,
of the Compromises,
full of Mistakes of Creation.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

43. Trampling on the Embers of the Pain

The remotenesses built in the boundless Horizons,
of the Despair,
press us threateningly,
the Cathedrals of the Dreams,
unblemished by nor an Icon,
of the Original Sins,
where we are warned,
to we carry us the Despairs,
on, the shoulders in tears, of the Souls,
for which the Universe of Love,
must become,
a long Penance,
for some Mistakes of Creation,
which do not belong to us,
but on which we have to pay them,
all, we,
trampling on the Embers of the Pain,
which must devour us,
until it will saves us,
only the saving Death,
what will die once with her own Being,
in which they promised us,
false,
that we will exist.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

44. On the slopes of the Conscience

We slipped,
on the slopes of the Conscience,
fallen into the knees of the Mistakes of Creation,
who worship,
at the Icon, maker of miracles, of the Despair,
what washes the Time,
on, the tired soles of the Hope of Darkness,
of to kill,
new eternities of Moments,
stolen once with us,
from the Memories of the Future,
where we were Immortals together with Love,
after whose image and likeness,
God would have desired,
to build his World,
if he had not missed bitterly,
the place of Original Sins,
from the Game table of the Absurd,
which should not be included,
in our Predestination.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

**45. They come in such a large number to sacrifice
themselves**

The bars of the Prayers of the Despair,
they began to disappear,
from near the relics,
of the our Words,
rising in their place,
the Flowers of Fire, of the Dreams,
what, they want to be fulfilled,
in the Immortal Glances,
of the Love,
from which we will braid,
wreaths of Truth,
on which we will put them,
on the foreheads of the Eternities of Moments,
in gratitude,
that they come in such a large number,
to they sacrifice themselves, for the our Passing,
as fast as possible,
through the Universe,
of the Illusions of the Non-Senses of Existence.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

46. A meticulous butler

Wherever we go,
all, in a pit of the Illusions of Life and Death,
we will arrive,
even if, reported to other existential plans,
we will never die,
but, we will build our own landmarks,
where the Time will no longer be a silent killer,
of the Eternities of Moments,
but a possible meticulous butler,
which will wipe the dust of stars,
of on the shoulders of Eternity,
and the Space will have other different functions,
on which our mind,
not even could to understand them,
then when the Despair is placed us,
on at the corners of the Tears,
of some Tombs of Words.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

47. Calculates us the portion of Life and Death

The Illusion of Freedom,
is the one that calculates us,
the portion of Life and Death,
on which, the Non-Senses of the Existence,
they are going to administer them to us,
on the molten asphalt of the Thoughts,
whose traces,
are transformed us,
in, Tombs, of Words,
in which we bury us,
most often, the Happiness,
which, forsakes us prematurely,
because could not bear the polluted air of the Despair,
which we breathe every time,
when we meet,
with the Absurd and the Vanity of the Dust,
in which we have Incarnated,
the Immortality.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

48. Camps of the Despair

The Illusions of the Non-Senses of Existence,
have built us,
from the Eternities of Moments of Love ,
enough of many,
Camps of the Despair,
so that we can not think,
than according to the standards,
on which Death,
present everywhere,
imposes them,
to each Breathing of Life,
which is actually,
another form of aggregation,
of the Death,
in whose Dust we have incarnated us,
the Dream of Immortality,
on which we have lived him,
beyond this Universe,
of the Pain.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

49. Can not be taken for free

It is so much Harmony and Color,
in the maintained Paradise,
with the Sweat and Despair of the Inferno,
that, you would think that the Balance,
is a Tear,
which trickles on the cold lips of the Words,
penetrated by the deafening cold,
of the Universe of a Glances,
what barely waits to warm up,
if you did not know,
that all these have a Price,
no matter how small or large,
that nothing of all that is sifted,
by the Illusions of Life and Death,
can not be taken for free,
of on the shelves of the Fairs,
of the Pain or Happiness,
without being properly taxed,
by the Non-Senses of the Existence,

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- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

for which, everything that exists,
from the Being to Non-Being,
is a product without Soul,
which must be approved by the customs,
and only then can be delivered,
to the Dreams or vain Hopes,
of the Dust of the Incarnations in Despair.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

50. The big and rotten Balances of the Times

I never understood,
so far,
why the Fountains of Despair,
they dried up,
and the Hopes of the Subconscious Stranger,
are in Ecstasy,
once the cups of nowhere,
of the Blood of so many defective Genes,
of the Ancestors,
of the Original Sins,
they stand thirsty
along with the big and rotten Balances,
of the Times,
what are stuck,
without to longer incline themselves,
toward one side or another,
until when an Eternity of Moment,
she passed shy, on, beside me,
crossing your Eyes of Heaven,
Love,

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

without to longer be killed,
by the Time that could hardly wait,
to he longer give us,
yet another fragment from, the Death,
what anyway she was waiting for us silently,
at the corner of the street of the Wilderness,
of the Nobody.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

51. An unscrupulous ambition

They started to fall,
so hard from the height of Thoughts,
the Dawn of lead, of the Penances,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
that over the bloody Horizons,
by the deep wounds,
provoked by Loneliness,
falls the Despair,
with an unscrupulous ambition,
she took everything she could,
from the vain Hopes of Happiness,
which just crossed,
the zebra of the Feelings,
being hit in full,
by the Absurd.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

52. Banished from the orbits of Heaven

Walls, of Darkness,
they guard the Distances of the Souls,
in which they hide,
the Illusions of Life and Death,
by the Subconscious Stranger,
of the Absolute Truth,
from where they lead us, the Destinies,
with an impertinence and insolence,
on which only the Incarnation,
can still maintain them,
in the lost and banished Eyes,
from the orbits of Heaven,
by Despair.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

53. Has not believed in the Life of Beyond

The celestial vibrations,
they bless the tresses of stars of Heaven,
the winged Times,
they fly together with Angels of our Dreams,
the gold Keys of Hopes,
they open the padlocks of the Eternity,
for the escaped Glances,
from, the mire of the Illusions of Life and Death,
to whom died their Death,
dying,
on the Realms of Despair,
where they wandered among the addresses,
of the Cemeteries of Words,
spoken in vain,
by, the Vanity
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
which has not believed in the Life of Beyond,
than in the form of a Paradise of the Inferno,
identical with, the terrestrial one,
without it ever understanding,
that, is totally something else.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

54. Beyond the Times what seem to be bygone

Roads built in the bleeding Genes,
of the Histories,
they run us, the steps of Destiny,
toward that Nowhere,
more precisely,
than the crumbs of Moments,
devoured by the criminal Time,
of the Zebras,
over which they pass,
The Steps of the Despair,
of an Illusion of Non-Senses of the Existence,
what tries to unite,
Life with Death,
in a chrysalis of the Time,
from beyond the Times,
what they seem to be bygone,
of the Immortality.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

55. The Deadly Leap

Frozen in indifference,
the gray Sky of the Empty Days,
deepens us,
the dark circles of Lead Thoughts,
what, they fall over,
the Steps of the bloody Horizons,
by, the wounds of the Cemeteries of Words,
which, they will raise for them,
the funeral tombs of the Glances,
up to the supreme Height of Despair,
from where it throws itself,
in a Deadly Leap,
directly into the Hearts of our Dreams,
what they still beat,
The Exact Time of Hopes,
often stifled,
by the Illusions of Non-Senses of Existence.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

56. Speed restrictions

I was stopped in the traffic of the Existence ,
by the Vanity,
telling me that on, the part of the Happiness,
I would have had, speed restrictions,
such as those, of on the Zebras,
of the Pain or Indifference,
which are passing us, toward Life or Death,
but in all cases mentioned,
I was forced to take my measure of Despair,
as being the best prevention,
in the case, of Love,
what is considered,
the worst damage,
of the Soul,
by the Illusions of Non-Senses of the Fulfillment.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

57. The thick cloth of Despair

Tears of Stars,
they overflow over the Glances of Dawn,
which, they washed the Eyes of Heaven,
in the purity and Absolute Truth,
of the Universe,
from which, it comes them,
the dew of Vibrations of Immortality,
what feed us, the Memories of the Future,
with new Dreams about the Profoundness,
of the Subconscious Stranger,
of the Love,
who is in each of us,
trying to escape us,
by the Illusions of Life and Death,
whose Disappointments,
have woven us the thick cloth of the Despair,
from which we make ourselves,
the clothing,
of the vain Hopes.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

58. Until the last drop of Love

The Sky of your Glances became more serene,
by banishing from the Clouds of lead,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
which have poured for you into the cups of nowhere,
of the dark circles of the Day,
the Water of the Empty Moments,
by ourselves,
so lost,
among the meanders of Despair,
from the mud of the Incarnation,
that we decided,
to we make us, the own pottery wheel,
where, we will rotate the gray Years,
of the cold from the lips of the Words,
until when, from the clay of the Dreams,
will come out new cups,
of Happiness,
this time,
from which to drink our Life,
until the last drop,
of Love.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

**59. On the roads without stopping, of the
Loneliness**

Wings of Heaven,
crushed by the darkness of the deep Night,
from our Feelings,
squashed every time
by the Indifference of Dawn,
when they want to get up,
from the fallen Glances,
in the cold and inexpressive Dust,
of the Incarnation in Despair,
of the Hopes,
handcuffed by the Illusions of Life and Death,
on, the roads without stopping,
of the Loneliness.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

60. Up to the heights of the Love

Waterfalls of Passions,
fall on the foreheads of the Walls between us,
what, they seem to be forsaken,
even by the Destinies of Nobody,
who crucify us the Eternities of Moments,
on cold and inexpressive marble,
of the Thoughts,
carved by the Illusions of Life and Death,
for to be seated,
at the crossroads of the Flames of Words,
of the Dreams,
what they would like to burn us,
with the embers of the Feelings,
so much so that,
released from the body of Despair,
given by the Vanity of this World,
we could reach,
up to the heights,
of the Love.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

61. Icons, maker of miracles, at the Despair

The branches, of, Questions,
in the beat of the Storms,
what they thunder and lightning with Answers,
they break ceaselessly,
by the mutilated Thoughts,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
what they raise Cathedrals of Pains,
to the Non-senses of the Existence,
full of Icons, maker of miracles
at the Despair,
in which we wash us the Glances, dirtied,
by the dust that rises,
from the Brothels of Empty Days,
what they smile us, lascivious, from the windows,
of the Absurd.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

62. Controls us any movement of Dreams

Reproaches watered in abundance,
with the Blood of the Ancestors,
which gushes out of the verdigrised Genes ,
of the Original Sins,
on which we are forced to wear them,
at, the necks of swans that sing,
of the Despair,
which controls us,
any movement of Dreams,
lest we succeed,
we to escape ever,
from the Realms of Incarnation in Pain,
of the Illusions of Life and Death.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

63. The Fog of our Words

It was so dense,
the Fog of our Words,
that neither the sharp blades,
of the Illusions of the Non-Senses of Existence,
they would not have succeeded in cutting her,
for to be served,
to the Eternities of Moments,
which were about to be killed,
by, Time,
for to paint with them,
the Zebra on which we shall pass,
toward Death,
together,
leaving us prey to the Loneliness,
of to be separated,
by the Eternity of Despair,
hidden in a Moment of the Nobody.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

64. What they still believe in us

The vulgar desires,
placed on the beds of Words,
of the Empty Days,
which guard the corners of unfulfilled Dreams,
from where they winked,
to the Desperations so rich,
in, the Vanities,
that they are envied,
even by the Illusions of Life and Death,
what they hope to hire them,
on the Domains of Thoughts,
which they lead,
toward, the recklessness and satiety,
of the Pain,
of the Regrets and Remorses,
of some Hopes,
what they still believe in us.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

65. They fall on us

The shores denuded by Glances,
they fall,
in the sweat lakes,
of the Thoughts of lead,
what, they press us, the Sky of the Dreams,
so strong,
that, even the Clouds of the Questions,
they fall on us,
on, the eyelids with tears of the Indecisions,
caught by the thick and insensitive chains,
casted, from the tainted flesh of the Desperations,
which is sold to us,
at the Suffering Fair,
thus processed,
that it becomes,
the vain Dreams,
from the Years, grizzled,
by, the Loneliness,
on which we will consume it together.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

66. The Vanity of the Desperation of the Shadows

The hidden Desires,
in the clenched Smiles,
by the Wrinkles of Dreams,
escaped through the cold and indifferent riverbeds,
of the Regrets,
what they have lost their temper,
when they were forced,
to wash in the Blood of the Ancestors,
of the Original Sins,
who have cut us, the Memories of the Future,
feeding with them,
the Vanity of the Desperation of the Shadows,
what, they form,
the bodies of the Words,
of so many pointless Creations,
who have built us the Destinies,
incarnated in the Non-Senses of the Existence.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

67. Under the Heaven, of, lead, of the Oppressions

Empty Words
lost among the dresses of the Days,
undressed by Desires,
they destroyed themselves under the Heaven, of, lead ,
of the Oppressions,
from which they have incarnated for us,
the Despairs,
increasingly heavier,
over the Dust of the Glances, bogged down,
in, the mud of the Orgies,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
of which we can not escape,
nor if we hide us,
in the Tombs of the Words,
from where, still it feels,
the heavy smell, of, corpse,
entered into putrefaction,
which characterizes us the Destiny,
of this World,
whose fulfillment is measured,
in Pain and Debauchery.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

68. Without Soul, without Sense

The dirty snows of the Words,
they froze,
on, bluish lips by the Sunsets of the Loneliness,
from which the Illusions of Life and Death,
they cut for them a slice of Happiness,
as a reward for their success,
of to open,
the Realms,
without,
of Soul,
of the Despair,
from the glances lost on the streets,
without,
of Sense,
dusty with the Regrets,
of the Love,
what they forsaken us,

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

the Shores of the Promises,
without,
to ever return anymore,
in the Smile of Heaven,
which froze,
lost in the Darkness,
orphan by the Horizons of the Feelings,
forever.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

69. To take once for all in Death

The old-aged Regrets,
supported, in walking sticks, of Memories,
they barely move,
from the sanitariums of the Words,
the increasingly ruined,
at whose gates, is not received, nor a Thought,
what, he would like to visit them,
the gardens of Remorses,
surrounded with, the barbed wire fences,
of the Despair,
which defends the disheartened Glances,
of the vain Hopes,
by the prying eyes,
of the Tears,
trickled from the Endlessness of Horizons,
what, they fall, over the Wrinkles of the Time,
disgusted, and he,

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

by the apparent indifference,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
which seem to have not passed, on here,
of an Eternity,
to take once for all,
in Death,
this Existence,
of Non-Senses.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

70. Until to the latter, Trace and Shadow

It does not exists a greater Miracle,
than the Knowledge,
and nor Deception, such as the Despair,
of to exist,
so indebted to Death,
that all Non-Senses,
of this Realm of the Incarnation of Darkness,
become so prominent,
precisely due,
the Vanity,
which flows into the Absurd of the Glances,
of a God,
of the Mistakes of Creation,
full of Original Sins,
so paltry,
that, even the immaculate wings of the Angels,
they collapse,
in the mud of this World,
which, it proves,
until to the one latter,
Trace,
and Shadow,
that it would be, of the Nobody.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

71. It has never existed a Winner

How many Dreams have not become vain?
because they were bogged,
in their own,
Glory,
what turned out to be a great Dishonor,
on battlefields,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
where only the one Defeated can Win,
the perverse bet with the Despair,
of an Incarnation of the Nobody,
for which, has never existed,
a Winner,
no matter how great Empires, of, Empty Words
would have led,
stifling the Histories,
with the tainted Blood of the Defective Genes,
which flowed through the veins of the Ancestors,
of the our Original Sins.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

72. They knew, that otherwise

Crushed,
by so many massive Walls of Questions,
wandered,
among the snowballs, of the Words of dirty snow
of the Thoughts,
who they roll over the Despair,
of to be the one from before this World,
of the Nobody,
that Soul,
on which he can understand him,
only the Subconscious Stranger,
of the Absolute Truth,
on which I can not see him,
being blinded by,
the Illusions of Life and Death,
what they knew that, otherwise,
I would escape, from me myself,
up to the Star of Immortality,
from where I fell,
saving my Love,
from the weakened arms of Predestination.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

73. With, the Ghosts of the Words

The Shores of Loneliness of Darkness,
of the Glances,
are struggling with the Waves of Questions,
increasingly acidic,
which break us the rocks of the false Loves,
on which they start to snow,
with, the Ghosts of the Words,
emerged from the white foam of Forgetfulness,
which has struggled in the ocean of Despair,
dreaming at the Wings of Angel of the Happiness,
which have chaotically collapsed,
over the Flames what barely flickered,
of the drowned Feelings
in their own vain Hopes,
tangled among the Illusions of Life and Death.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

74. Which was crushed

I'm running through the falling stars,
of the Destinies,
trying to I catch her,
on the one stained, with, my own Consciousness,
emerged from the depths,
of the Illusions of the my Life and Death,
for to hang it by the vault of Thoughts,
that became increasingly darker,
and heavier,
until it started,
to fall to me over the forehead of Dreams,
what they wanted to fly,
toward the Subconscious Stranger,
of the Absolute Truth,
of the Love,
which was crushed,
by, my Remorses
of to ignore him so far.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

75. So that I can pass by the Walls of the Vanities

In all my attempts,
the one before this World,
of, to be me myself,
were against me, fiercely,
the Illusions of Life and Death,
what they did not want for anything in the world,
as, the Memories of the Future,
to be revealed to me,
by the Subconscious Stranger,
of the Absolute Truth,
whose wings,
it would have become enough for me,
so that I can pass,
by the Walls of the Vanities,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
on which I will tie them, definitively,
by the pillar of the Forgetfulness.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

76. Whose train of Absolute Truth

The crevasses of Smiles,
deeply hollowed,
in the Glaciers of the Glances,
they melt, weeping
by the longing of the Eyes of Heaven,
of the Ocean of Loneliness,
whose foamy waves of Words,
roaring through the ears of shells,
of a Time,
what remained, of the Nobody,
in the deserted station,
of the Love,
whose train of Absolute Truth,
driven by Predestination,
will no longer return, never,
on the forehead of our Souls.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

77. By hand, with, the Ghosts of the Words

We have arrived,
to we walk, by hand,
with, the Ghosts of the Words,
on which we embrace them each time,
when we remember,
the massive Walls,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
which have separated us from ourselves,
so much so that
even the bridges of Hopes,
on which we have raised them,
over, the troubled Waters of the Despairs,
they have collapsed,
in the deep chasms,
which have separated us, the Dreams,
by the deaf cry,
of the Tears,
in which we swim,
toward Loneliness.

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-

SORIN CERIN
- DESPAIR -
- philosophical poems-